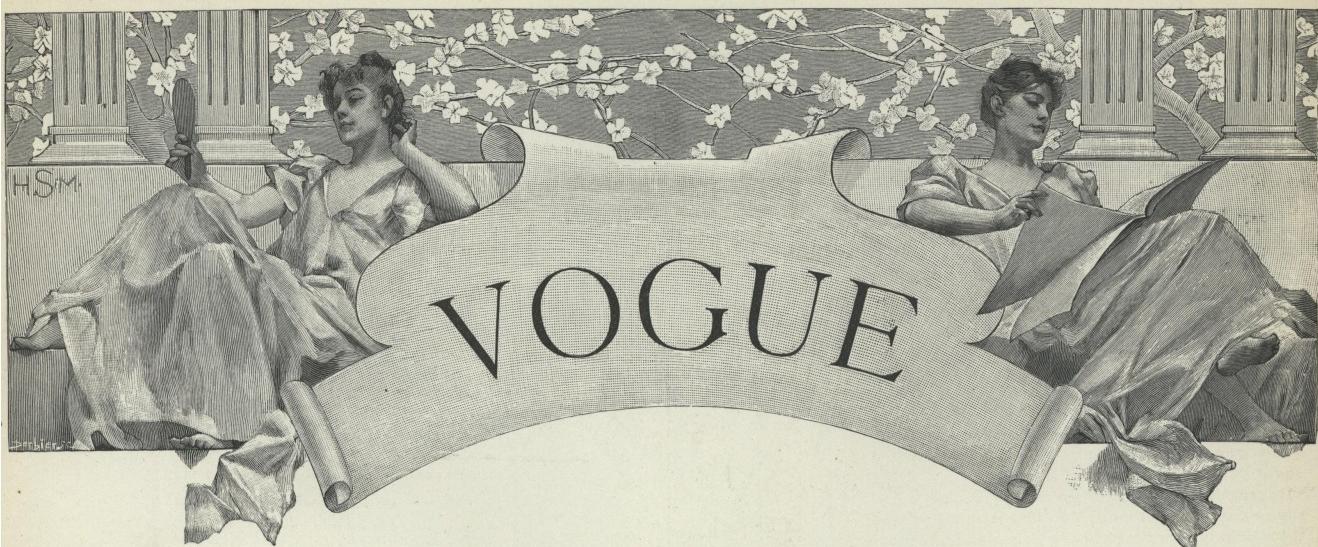


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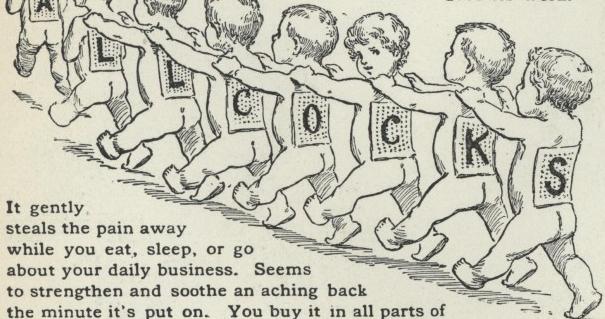


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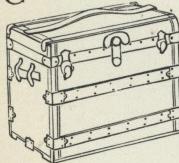
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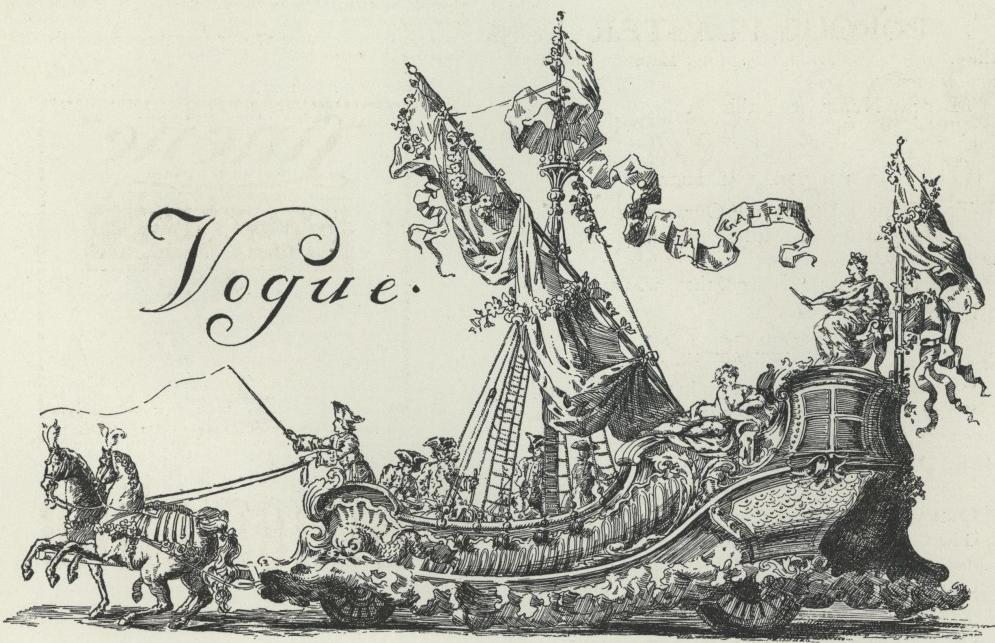
CORRECT IN CUT AND FINISH.

Spring

AT

Zollhaus,

Germany.



"HEN" DINNERS

THAT apparently abnormal function—the exclusively feminine dinner inelegantly yclept a "hen" dinner, seems to be increasing in popularity. And why not? Lovely woman has long ago demonstrated her ability to do without lordly man on many occasions and in a great many crises of her life. Why should it be thought that she cannot possibly dine without him?

Is it because she is supposed not to appreciate the true dignity of dining as a fine art, and cares to eat only to live? This is a long since exploded fallacy.

Plenty of clever women are quite as fastidious, quite as "minutieuses" and quite as learned in their choice of viands as the veriest gourmet of the whole masculine contingent.

When that essentially feminine poet, Owen Meredith, penned his famous but somewhat hackneyed lines about the pleasures of dining, he certainly included women in the phrase "civilized man" just as "beloved brethren" of course, includes them because the brethren embrace the sisters. Plenty of women too, have a fine "flair" and a good judgment in the matter of wines. Another fallacious item urged against them is that they either do not care to talk to each or do not know how to talk at a dinner.

Do they not? Listen to them at a Lenten Sewing Class or a luncheon—which is practically a dinner—at an earlier hour—and my word, if you

do not hear more wit, wisdom and common sense than from an equal number of men!

As to the matter of dress, not a woman but will tell you, if she speaks frankly—and a great many are cultivating frankness just now, as something fresh and taking—that she never thinks, in dressing for the evening, half as much of the men she is to meet as of the women.

The effect on the men is left to the display of dazzling white shoulders and the sparkle of bright eyes—for the women, and for them alone, are donned the Paris or London frocks and the brilliant array of jewels. At any rate, like beauty, these "hen" dinners are their own excuse for being, only, in the name of all that is sparkling, let us appeal against the dowdy little name which has been affixed to them. Shall our birds-of-paradise, our gold-finches, our she-eaglets and rose-flamingoes, submits to be all classed together under the family name of sober, domestic, little Dame Partlet, the trim, demure little creature so preoccupied with family cares? Let the clever women themselves see to it at the very next h—. No, there are plenty of stately and gorgeous creatures in the animal kingdom, if it is needful to go there for a title, better fitted to lend their names to the swan-necked, deer-eyed, sometimes parrot-tongued, but always gorgeously befeathered bipeds when they dine without their better halves. The present habit of jewel wearing might suggest "Twinkle" as appropriate.

TIME ENOUGH

LEAFIE: "Did you ever stop to think why the seasons are arranged spring, summer, autumn and winter?"

MAY: "No, indeed; this is to be my first season."

WHEN THE WAR BEGAN

THE WIFE (bitterly): "Our married life has been a long series of battles, beginning with our wedding day."

THE HUSBAND: "Indeed, there was an engagement before that."

AN ART NOTE

"I hear Palette had a picture in the exhibition."

"Yes, but he didn't have it there long. The jury returned it immediately."

REAL GENEROSITY

OLD GENT: "Have you vanishing ink?"

TRADESMAN: "Yes. Going to make sure of no breach of promise suits?"

OLD GENT: "Oh, no; going to give my daughter a check for a hundred thousand as a wedding present."

COULDN'T STAND THE STRAIN

"Jeff fainted away at our private theatricals last night."

"What was the matter? Stage-fright?"

"Oh, no. He was the prompter."



NOT TO HIM

SHE: "Is your wife entertaining this winter?"

HE: "Not very—except to other men!"

HIS RECOMMENDATION

PRISCILLA: "Tell me honestly, what qualification has your fiancé for a husband?"

PRUNELLA: "Experience. He has been married three times before."

IN THE FRONT ROW

CHAPPIE: "Say, Barlow, look at that chorus girl smiling at us. I wonder which of us is thus honored."

BARLOW: "It is probably I—she used to be my old nurse."

AU CONTRAIRE

"'Tis preposterous" said a scribbler gray,

"To say that 'Now is the accepted time,'

We would-be poets of the present day

Know very well 'tis the rejected time!"

PARSLOW (to stranger): "Pretty hot in here."

STRANGER: "Yes; but not as hot as last time."

PARSLOW: "Were you here last time. I don't remember having seen you before."

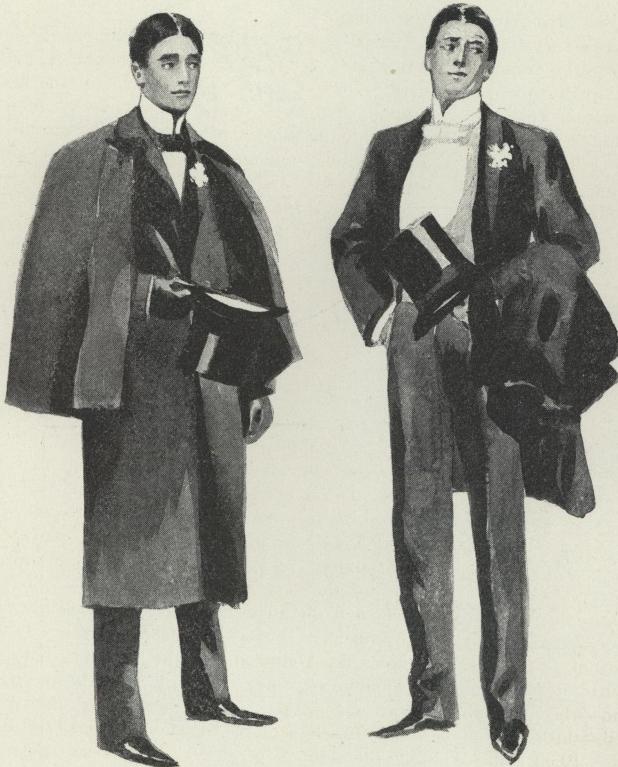
STRANGER: "Well, I'm generally kept in the background. Fact is, I'm Mrs. De Perkin's husband."

For description of fashion drawings in Vogue, see Supplement

VOGUE



WHAT SHE WEARS



TWO VARIETIES OF "HIM"

AS SEEN BY HIM

"Winkie" Schuyler, who is a very nice chap in his way, but who becomes something of a bore after a little time, was on the "Limited" with me the day that I set my face southward. We were both going to Philadelphia.

"I can't see, old fellow" said he, apropos of nothing at all, "why it is that you continue to criticise and condemn certain little fads of men's dress, when you know in your heart that, notwithstanding your disapproval, any number of swagger chaps will continue to wear just what they have been doing, and that they will not change an iota. There are other things you should be very severe about, which I notice you have not even mentioned—I—"

I believe I stopped him at this juncture. I am perfectly conscious that I have not brought myself to the "Winkie" standard, and I am proud that I merit his censure in these matters. Flagrant breaches of good taste I leave professional people and the everyday penny-a-liner to hurl their thunder against. I only discourse about special

matters upon which I have devoted some study or which seem to come to me inspired by the dictates of common sense. The suggestions of haberdashers have no influence whatever upon me. A Boston critic has actually hinted that I wrote about gloves to the advantage of a tradesman in this city. I never purchased gloves at that place. In reality, I have had my gloves for years made in Paris, and I can furnish him with the address of my glover. When I say gloves, I mean those needed for certain occasions. The finer kind are French, and my man in London makes the others. I should be delighted to recommend an American house or an American importer. We are, however, a bit behind in gloves, but I see much improvement in the shops in New York within the past two seasons. In purchasing gloves abroad, do not buy them from the big shops. Choose a good glover on the boulevards or Regent Street or thereabouts. I am not a believer in the Burlington Arcade, that paradise of Americans, or the huge bazaar on the other side of the Seine, to which my countrymen (and oh! my countrywomen) make a pilgrimage for "occasions" the minute they arrive in the Gallic capital. But I am wandering from my point.

As I have been greeted with much kindness on my way southward, and as hospitality has been actually lavished upon me, I am at present in almost the last stages of dyspepsia. A number of men, profiting by my experience abroad, have asked me what should be given people to eat by a bachelor. I am much delighted at the success of my little hints in former numbers of VOGUE. Bachelors are entertaining in New York. My friend Johnnie Furman is giving the most charming soirees at his place in Westchester, Lispenard Stewart and Lanfear Norrie have distinguished themselves by a delightful fête, and Nat Ingraham in the matter of an afternoon thé musicale.

Mr. McAllister has spoken several times of the very charming dinners given by his Louisiana friend, Mr. Pringle. I can remember an enjoyable and unique menu on one occasion at that gentleman's "Snipery" in New Iberia. It consisted of six "numbers" and included a delicious purée, a fantastic jelly of appetizing flavor and two other preparations made from this toothsome bird. We had come from New Orleans to eat snipe, and we were satisfied, especially when the game was accompanied by wines of a vintage and from cellars cele-

brated by Thackeray in his account of his visit to the Crescent City a generation ago.

A Baltimore man complained to me that New York people gave so little at their dinners that one rose from the table hungry. I scorn this remark unless this unlucky youth had the misfortune to strike a timbale dinner. I was invited recently to a "Sunday" luncheon—a cover and a snare for "early dinner." We had oysters, bouillon in cups—then a procession of things made of fish and réchauffé meats, with an interlude of sorbet. After eight courses we struck solid ground in the shape of quail. A Frenchman arrived in New York ten years ago with a number of letters of introduction. He received six invitations to dinner for the first Sunday, and he accepted three. This statement seems quite alarming at first, but the three were from very wealthy and well-known people, and he argued to himself thusly: "The Smiths have invited me to 'dinner'—they called it dinner in those days—"at one o'clock. That will be my déjeuner. The Browns have invited me for four. I can go there, eat a little, make myself agreeable—that will correspond to the English 'five o'clock.' The Robinsons have invited me for eight; sensible people, these, who dine at a right hour in a country where everybody seems to dine zigzag. I will dine with the Robinsons." What were the consequences? Monsieur went to the Smiths'. He there partook of oysters, a thick vegetable soup, planked shad, roast beef, mashed potatoes, salad, beets, and—the Mikado was then a very popular opera here—little ices in the shape of Kokos and Pitti Sings. Black coffee. Rather exhausted, he made his way to the Browns', and was soon served to oysters, a thick vegetable soup, planked shad, roast beef, mashed potatoes, salad, beets, and for dessert little ices in the shape of Kokos and Pitti Sings. Black coffee. At eight, in a desperate condition but still alive, he appeared at the Robinsons', where he viewed with horror, oysters, a thick vegetable soup, planked shad, roast beef, mashed potatoes, salad, beets, and—little ices in the shape of—he got no further, but hastily excused himself, as he could never view that last item of distorted pastrycooks' fancy again, and fled homeward, where he was under the care of his medical man for a week.

Whatever you give, let there be some originality about it. At the same time do not make a decided departure in favor of an eccentric dish without having the other numbers on the menu to make up for a probable failure. If you invite people to your farm, give them a good farm dinner: country-fed turkeys, plenty of fresh vegetables and excellent wine. If you have a tea, give them tea and chocolate, bread and butter, little sandwiches or something of that sort. Study your menu if necessary and remember those dinners or entertainments, where you have been a guest, that were most

pleasing to you. Have everything above criticism and take the same pains with your table as with your dress.

I have condemned the unbuttoning of the lowest button in a white waistcoat, although Albert Edward did it five years ago, when he found his embonpoint increasing, and numerous young men who are slim, and who dance at the Patriarchs', will insist on following this example. I never will be partial to the wearing of black ties with white waistcoats, although I have friends whom I have cherished from my youth whose tastes, I am deeply grieved to say, tend in this direction, and so on.

I am a New York man, and I am proud of it. I find much to criticise as I go southward. In Philadelphia the tendency to soft hats rakishly worn over one eyebrow is appalling. At the last Patriarchs', at the last Assembly, not to mention "Ollie" Teall's charity dance and the Vaudeville—where I might have expected some rather pronounced "individualisms"—I cannot tell what crept into the white waistcoats. Starch was out of them, and there was hardly a man who wore one which was not creased and wrinkled in fifty places—the unbuttoning of the last button notwithstanding. I disapprove of laundried waistcoats even in the last spasms of the season, as I have never met the angelic laundress who could do them up properly. I was consoled, however, at Philadelphia, by finding that these divinities who watch over our garments, even unto the washtub, were more diabolical there than in my native land. Why do Philadelphians have an aversion to tapering shoes for evening wear? I mean some Philadelphians.

Why will people in Baltimore insist upon introducing one so much? I find certain well intentioned persons in New York who do exactly the same thing. There was a dreadful but good natured soul at the last "Matriarchs'" (to be colloquial) who ran after every man he knew in order to present him to an out-of-town girl, who was in his party. I know that she did not have a partner for the cotillon nor had she any one to go to supper with her, but all that should have been provided for before the ball. As it was, the men simply fled at his approach and the girl, who was pretty, attractive, and quite good form, and who wore a very fetching gown, had, I fear, a stupid time. English people never introduce, or do so on rare and appropriate occasions, of which dances and dinners do not form a part. I was invited some years ago, during the famous jubilee season in England, to meet the Duke of Cambridge at a conversazione given in honor of the Indian potentates then visiting London. It is always the custom in England on the arrival of a royalty, for the orchestra or the band present to play the whole or a portion of the national anthem. If it is the Queen, the tune is played straight through, but for



AN EVENING AT THE



MOUACHEVILLE CLUB

lesser royalties only a few bars are intoned. I was with my host standing on a species of platform surrounded by a number of Indian potentates in rich Oriental costumes and several ladies magnificently attired. One of these, who was rather dark in complexion and portly in appearance, I had helped to an ice. She was chatting with me very pleasantly in extremely good English, which I must say was not without a Yankee twang. As she advanced a little toward the front of the platform, the famous band of the Guards intoned the first bars of the national anthem, and a number of people were heard whispering, "The Queen, the Queen." I turned to this lady and said, "What, is the Queen actually coming here, and if so, why do they not play the whole of the anthem?" "Why," she responded laughingly, "don't you know I am the Queen?" And so she was. Not Victoria, Empress of that dominion on which the sun never sets, but the recently deposed Kaplioni of the Sandwich Island, known in England as Queen Catch-And-Kill-Em, who was the *bête noire* (I do not mean to be ungallant) of the poor Marquis of Lorne, who was obliged to be her escort at every state function. If we had been in Baltimore we should probably have been introduced in the good old-fashioned way and exchanged pump-handle shakes.

Again I find out-of-town a prodigal use of the visiting card, especially for the purposes of announcement. In the best houses in New York the second man—who sometimes receives the misnomer of the butler—never brings in your card, but deposits it in some receptacle. Of course, at a dinner you should be announced, this time by the butler, but otherwise anything like an introduction is perfectly absurd. Your host's friends are your friends. You are living in the same city, and you are either in society or out of it. Your host or hostess would never pay you the equivocal compliment of inviting you to meet some one who is simply clinging to the fringe.

I mentioned some time ago that gants de suede were worn in the afternoon. This has been taken exception to. I repeat the statement and add to it that chevrette gloves are also most popular. During the winter I noticed the best dressed men in New York with these gloves, and both in Paris and London they were far more popular than kid. Lispenard Stewart, Lee Tailer, young Onatavia, Elliot Gregory and other men—all of different styles and all dressing well, wore them—as also did several distinguished foreigners. I can say no more.

A ROYAL CABINET MAKER

"Who was Louis XIV of France?" asked the teacher.

"I know," said little Miss Fifthave, "he was the man who made all our chairs."

OF INTEREST TO HER

THAT rather fetching frock Duse wears, all black velvet and rare shadowy black lace, has evidently made a deep impression upon the smart women of New York. Three tall dark-eyed beauties of my acquaintance went home from the theatre and promptly copied the Italian artist's dress in detail. Not one of the trio ever doubted, of course, but what her idea was an original inspiration, and it was tremendously amusing, the other evening, to see them meet at a Lenten dinner and look, first aghast and then disgusted. When Benedictine was served in the drawing-room later on, the blondest of the three imitation Duses spoke up and offered to break the monotony by introducing lots of red in her toilette. She promised the very next morning to have her maid sew a ruche of scarlet velvet geraniums and lace about the edge of the skirt, to introduce red velvet sleeves and belt of the same crystallized with jet and twist and beflower her hair.

The deepest brunette, not to be behindhand in generosity, volunteered to disguise her copy by a liberal application of daffodil yellow. Thus the châtaigne was left in undisputed possession of unrelied black velvet, but I doubt whether my friends will soon again make so literal a translation of a foreign frock on the domestic stage.

It was a great shock to some of us when a society woman laughed at our crinoline craze over here. Having sailed directly from France after visiting every great milliner's establishment in Paris, she declared that the hoop was a mere phantom of the excitable American imagination. She confesses that the new skirts are some seven yards wide at the hem, but says it is impossible to find an inch of crinoline at Worth's, Ducet's, or, in fact, any smart dressmaker's. Now, I myself happen to have a bit of private information in that line. While I know Mrs. Cruger is absolutely correct in her statement, the hoop is by no means a bogey; and, given sufficient time, it will prove a skeleton, but a reality all the same.

That severe and costly lesson recently administered by the grande dames of Paris to makers of fashion has evidently had a wholesome effect. A year ago manufacturers and milliners combined to force Empire styles upon the beau monde, willy-nilly. Accustomed to implicit obedience they never doubted an instant acceptance of their dictum, and when the smart women first resisted and then flatly refused a sensation was created. We all know what a reckless wholesale importation of "Empire" flooded this country as a consequence of Parisian stiff-neckedness. But even so; French women's stubbornness cost heavy pecuniary losses all around, and now it is easy to understand why fashion caterers are slow and cautious in suggest-

ing the hoop. They must needs use craft in preparing the public mind for a change, distant but inevitable, realizing that the kingdom of social favor is no more to be taken by violence.

Some of the most satisfactory functions I have attended this season hinged upon an eleven o'clock supper. We accepted almost anything as an excuse for getting them up. One night the Dog Show served to fill the first part of the evening rather satisfactorily, then the theatre answered once or twice, another time we had a lot of Hungarians in to do their national dances, and so on. It was always arranged to find some divertissement till the supper hour. The next number on the programme called for a discussion of canvas-back and terrapin till midnight, after which we looked in at the Vaudeville for a few minutes. I scarcely set this up as an ascetic guide for Lenten observances, but now that the cotillon is shelved one must do something to prevent the mould of ennui settling over society.

For the past four weeks I have attended a regular succession of dinner parties. The season of fasting is religiously given up to fashionable feasting in New York, and so exigeant have we all become, that, unless our hostess provides a bonne bouche in the form of some post-prandial surprise, we grow instantly sulky and bored. Of course it's an awful nuisance for her, poor thing, to be ever on the rack trying to devise an acceptable novelty. But then it requires brains to be a leader of the exclusives, and the instant a woman's ingenuity is exhausted she steps down and out. We were talking over this very thing the other day, and while one grumbled over the exactions and hardships of society up to date, a Boston woman told of such a clever idea a friend of hers was about to introduce. It seems the New Englander went south just after Christmas, a member of her family being threatened with lung trouble, and while at Citronelle, a sanitary nook in the pine woods of Alabama, she fell upon four deliciously cunning darkey boys. They had

never been off of a cotton plantation in their lives, but all four danced, sang, and cut capers as though trained for the professional boards. They were so evenly matched, were so original, comical, and charmingly natural that the northerner realized at a glance what a treasure-trove these miniature minstrels would prove in Boston, New York, in fact, anywhere, as a fashionable diversion.

I should have premised by saying that dancing



PART OF AN OLD INVOICE

Jess: "I think if Miss Fitz marries Joblots she will sell herself cheaply."
Bess: "She has been on the shelf about long enough to go at a bargain."

by professionals is the best liked amusement of the moment. I hear of a new child dancer said to be extremely clever, and to-day there are no more keen and discriminating critics of the terpsichorean art than members of the smart set, who themselves have taken lessons and therefore know.

I think the jolliest and funniest dancing class of the season is that made up of twenty-five young but over-stout matrons, who have banded together to dance down their flesh. They meet at each others' houses twice a week, skip about on their toes till one o'clock, when a royal luncheon is served and they proceed to undo the good results of their morning's exercise by eating pâté de foie gras and biscuit glaces.

WHAT SHE WEARS

Her very freshest and finest frock, at the moment, is an unadopted eighteenth century costume. It is reminiscent of Queen Elizabeth's toilettes; is newly imported, and wondrously becoming. The skirt of her dress is short all around, escaping the floor; it hangs in a straight smooth breadth in front, falls rather flat behind, but puffs out enormously over the hips. Facing the wearer, her slender figure seems to stand lithe and erect in an eccentric frame of rich silken stuffs. The jupe



WINTER ADIEU!

is tremendously padded, or rather, crisped with crinoline, on the hips, and what accentuates this effect is that her bodice is sharply pointed and heavily boned to give the waist an exaggeratedly long and narrow appearance.

At the first glance one feels assured she is gowned for some fancy dress ball, but looking down a smart and crowded salon several duplicates of her pretty toilette are observed.

One of more than ordinary beauty is made up of satin in broad stripes of silver and mauve, the latter brocaded in big pale pink roses. The skirt is fashioned according to the description above; the bodice is cut directly across the shoulders and has huge fall-

ing sleeves. Exquisite point lace arranged in front is held in place by half a dozen big rubies set with diamonds; the same jewels shine in the bows of her high-heeled slippers; her blond hair is pompadoured, and here and there the silken roll glitters with the red stones surrounded by brilliants. Her figure being fine and slight, she bitterly resented the Empire modes, and has turned with avidity to welcome the pure eighteenth century fashions. These last heighten rather than conceal her symmetrical proportions, and she is sure to make the most of the latest developments.

A gown and combination of colors she saw the other day, and means to reproduce for the spring season in London, set off the charms of a flaxen-haired débutante. The skirt was of the lightest lettuce green satin brocade, short, bouffant, and at the hem was decorated by a roll of the satin, with silk Parma violets artistically twisted in to show in clusters here and there. The bodice was of pale hyacinth on amethyst velvet, cut off on the shoulders with ball-room velvet sleeves, slashed at intervals and filled in with Venice lace. The novelty of this toilette consisted in bands of the green brocade that began narrowly at the waist, widened as they reached the bust, and there turned over about one inch. The effect was charmingly picturesque, as the spaces at the top were filled with gathered points of the lace. A band and stiff bow of the hyacinth velvet ornamented the Greek coiffure, and a necklace of amethysts was worn.

To wear the pearls she inherited from her grandmamma, it has been found necessary to have them re-strung and to add the best jewels from her mother's necklace. The reason of this is that fashion has ordained five strings as the correct number. The first should fit closely about the base of the throat, and the four others be enlarged so that the fifth and last falls over the bust and even with the waist line.

A BOSTON LOVE AFFAIR

IWill not go so far as to say that Miss Gardiner or Miss Arthorpe had ever solemnly pledged themselves to lives of single blessedness. There were girls in the Smythe University who declared that the loftiest life demanded entire independence, and that they would never—no, never, be bound to the whims of any man. They took high grounds—the highest ground—declaring that the new movement on behalf of women needed leaders who could devote their time, their lives and fortunes to the cause. They were a little hazy as to what “the cause” actually represented, and Corinna—that was not her baptismal name, but one of her own selection—Corinna said once, in the heat of a warm debate, that they contended not for a cause

but for a principle, an epigram that became extremely popular.

There was one point on which these "Sisters of the World," as they called themselves, were a unit; any allusion to Tennyson's "Princess" vexed their souls and provoked them into righteous indignation. But, as I have said, neither Miss Gardiner nor Miss Arthorpe had taken formally upon themselves the pledges which the Sisters demanded. They avowed themselves favorably disposed toward a wider field for women; they did not know that they cared particularly for the suffrage, they did not intend to lead frivolous lives: Miss Gardiner, who went in for Art, believed that æsthetics could be made a powerful aid to ethics; and her friend, who found Sociology interesting and elevating, thought well of neighborhood guilds and college settlements. It was only when the more intense members of the Sisterhood begged them to come out boldly under their banner and be Laodiceans no longer, that they gently evaded the question and murmured something about "The falsehood of extremes."

Perhaps the Sisterhood never gave up a reasonable hope until Commencement was over and the closer ties of college life were at an end. Even then the more sanguine comforted themselves with the thought that the two falterers had never shown the least preference for any of the young men who appeared at stated times and seasons, bidden with the sanction of the principal to the college festivities. They had even voted dancing a bore—square dances, it must be understood; waltzing was barred.

This was all of a year ago, however. Miss Arthorpe had been established for at least six months in the College Settlement, and Miss Gardiner, who was a student at the Museum of Fine Arts, had taken up with great enthusiasm the movement for the artistic decoration of schoolrooms. The two usually lunched together at the Noon Day Rest, and took society as a recreation rather than as a career. They did not avoid it, neither did they invite it; but just at present it swept rather a larger arc in their lives than usual.

If these young ladies happen to be invited to pour coffee at a reception on Commonwealth Avenue, I see no reason for disguising it. I shall not give the number, of course, but it was somewhere between the Public Garden and Lief Erickson. The reception was a pleasant thing to anticipate and to plan for—they talked it over at their luncheon, and agreed that it called for serious consideration. Mary—I mean Miss Arthorpe—pressed a visitor at the College Settlement into service, and turned over to her the class of newsboys who met every Wednesday afternoon. Helen—that is to say, Miss Gardiner—"cut" an afternoon at the Museum of Fine Arts. They went shopping together: it was fascinating. Society grew hourly more attractive. The reception became an Event, and I doubt if the most inexperienced bud was ever

in a greater state of happy flutteration than were these two college graduates as they settled themselves behind the coffee and chocolate, at the opposite ends of a long table which twinkled with candles, breathed of roses, and shimmered with silver.

Everyone said that Ogden Willard was a clever fellow. He was a good fellow, too. I do not mean that in the convivial sense; much less that he was a goody-goody. He enjoyed society; he took kindly to lawn-tennis; if he knocked a man down it was for some good reason, and the man usually admitted that his arguments had weight. But he read poetry as well and as boldly as he fought, and he "reverenced the dreams of his youth."

He was fond of coffee, when he was not in training. That was his remark as he bent downward to take the cup that Miss Arthorpe poured for him. The remark was not particularly brilliant; but his manner was perfect. His black eyes twinkled with delight. His smile said plainly that now, this moment, crowned his felicity. His air gave a peculiar significance to the simple act of pouring coffee; it became something distinguished, a function, a ceremonial, a rite. It implied that only the finest talent might undertake the celebration of its mysteries; and there was a subtle suggestion that here, for once in this happy world, the rite and its celebrant were worthy of each other. Then he gracefully effaced himself while nibbling an Educator biscuit.

He was too courteous to omit Miss Gardiner, however. Besides, when he was not in training he was fond of a cup of cocoa. That was what he said as she passed him the dainty bit of Royal Worcester. Mr. Willard's small talk was a study in the fine art of economical expression. His manner was very nice—it implied that if there could be "an hour's defect in the rose" at the other end of the table, here, at least, the rose was the consummation of perfection. How he could make all this self-evident while exchanging merely commonplace phrases I do not know. It is a happy faculty that certain people possess.

The young women who had served at the different tables during the reception were given a late supper after the guests were gone, and then their hostess sent them away, two by two, in carriages. Miss Arthorpe and Miss Gardiner, as they leaned against the springy, cushiony back of their coupé, agreed that society was enjoyable. Mary confessed to Helen that there was a thirst for pleasure which even the brightest newsboy could not satisfy, and Helen admitted to Mary that Art, even though spelled with a capital A, had its limitations as a matter of recreation. She even took gloomy views of Art as a career, and hinted darkly that an age of skepticism was incompatible with a great Art era. Mary would not admit that the present age was one of skepticism—at least, in a bad sense. She thought that Reason was flowering into perfect

Faith. Moreover, she said that people were always low-spirited after any unusual excitement. It was the reaction. But they agreed that the reception had been delightful, and that Mr. Willard was very nice indeed.

I should be afraid to confess how frivolous these two young ladies became as the season advanced. That reception was the beginning of a terrible demoralization. Miss Gardiner's attendance at the Museum of Fine Arts became a joke among the students; while the newsboys revolted at the prospect of having another teacher, and Miss Arthorpe was obliged to promise to come at least once a month—a promise kept in the letter, but broken in the spirit; for they were fortunate if her monthly visit lasted over fifteen minutes. It is, perhaps, needless to say that she was no longer a resident at the Settlement.

The intimacy between the two, however, showed signs of weakness. Possibly they were becoming ennuied and worldly, or perhaps the late hours that they kept left them too weary for the exchange of confidences. It is nearer the truth to say that Mr. Willard's attentions, although always in the best of taste, impartially distributed, were really the disturbing element. To discuss such a question was to hint at some shadowy preference, some personal claim; worst of all, a rivalry. Such a discussion was unthinkable—at least, between the two. But there may be discussions without words. Each suspected the other, and in turn became the object of suspicion; what was far worse, each knew that her suspicion was patent to the other—and yet—An armed truce between enemies is sufficiently uncomfortable, but it has all the bliss of perfect confidence compared with a mutual reservation between two bosom friends.

Miss Constance Herriott was a charming girl. I hate personal descriptions, but I must try to give a little idea of her outward semblance. She was rather tall, her hair was dark brown and wavy, her nose was that fortunate compromise between a Grecian and a pug, and her eyes were blue, though careless people took them for hazel in half-lights. When she was in evening costume she had a slight forward poise that gave her an air of pretty eagerness—perhaps it was merely extra high heels. Her face had two delightful dimples and a complexion of roses and cream. This sounds rather conventional; but can I help it that Miss Herriott should happen to be the accepted type of a pretty girl? I only know that those who saw her never cared to change the type. But Miss Herriott's prettiness was only a part of her attractions. I don't refer, particularly, to her conversation that rippled on like a little mountain brook—but to her hearty enjoyment of each day's good. Why, the mere sight of her gave Miss Arthorpe and Miss Gardiner the only real pleasure that remained to them. And then it was such a rest to find a girl who did not

pretend to be artistic, nor a "slummer," nor a Wagner devotee: one who could not tell the difference between Theosophy and Transcendentalism and who had no desire to learn it—a Boston bud without fads, unless it is a fad to be a nice girl. Indeed, I quite despair of giving any reasonable idea of the rest and comfort that they found in the society of this amiable young Philistine.

But it was not the slightest use to attempt any confidences with her. Each of our heroines had tried that experiment, separately, of course, and Constance had replied to Helen's allusion to Mr. Willard that he was very nice and didn't she think McDonald's new lunch-room was just splendid? And to Mary, that he was a charming dancer and did she see what there was in those horrid Impressionist pictures that the girls were raving over? Yet, such are the mysteries of feminine intuition, Miss Herriott not only gained quite a comprehensive knowledge of the true state of affairs, but conveyed to both of her confidants the certainty that she possessed those confidences which she had seemed to ignore, and her subtle suggestions that they might as well come to a definite understanding, now that the case was patent to a third party, were of sufficient weight to break down their mutual reserve.

Perhaps they refrained from binding themselves to abide by Miss Herriott's decision—though I am afraid that they indulged in those heroics common to overstrained nerves—but at all events they invited her to council and to tea, Miss Arthorpe, since her defection from the College Settlement, having taken an attractive flat with her aunt on Huntington Avenue, near Copley Square.

The conversation wandered all around the subject, approaching it, as it were, in a slowly-lessening spiral. It was not until Miss Herriott rose to take her leave that they begged her to help them to conclude the incident with honor—and with glory, if possible. The girl hesitated for a moment, and then replied: "I don't know—I have done what I could for you. Ogden—I mean, Mr. Willard—proposed to me last night, and I—said 'Yes.'"

Miss Herriott's wedding was the social event of the season. The reporters said so, and surely they should know. But I am sorry to say that both Helen and Mary declined to act as bridesmaids—they had a previous engagement. The Sisters of the World held their meeting on that same evening, for the admission of novitiates. Their vows only bind them for a limited period; and Corinna expresses herself as being highly gratified.

Arthur Chamberlain.

CHAPPIE: "Why was Mr. Cleveland's inauguration like a section of a continued stow?"

MISS ROSE: "I don't know Mr. Chappie."

CHAPPIE: "Well, it's,—aw,—a sort of a second installment, you know."

VOGUE SUPPLEMENT

MARCH 11, 1893

SOCIETY

MI-Carême week has seemed like a veritable oasis in the desert of dullness, and the hope of everyone is that its freshness and brightness will cast even a reflected light on these last weeks of Lent. Miss Callender's and Miss de Forest's musicale a week ago yesterday was a great treat, and the fair hostesses must have felt repaid for any effort on their part to entertain their guests by the hearty appreciation of the music. The size of their apartments was never so noticeable as at this musicale, when Damrosch and the Symphony Orchestra and more than the four hundred failed to really fill the salon. These entertainments have been unique, and everyone is sorry to think there will only be one more. The programme included the following numbers: I. Overture, Spring, Goldmark. II. Petite Suite, for piano, with string orchestra, Ole Olsen (first time in America); (1.) Fanitul (Devil's Dance), (2.) Mazurka, (3.) Serenade, (4.) Danse Caprice Norwegienne, (5.) Papillons—Franz Rummel. III. (a.) Cradle Song, Gounod; (b.) Polonaise from Serenade, Beethoven—String Orchestra. IV. Two songs from Carmen, Bizet; (a.) Habanera, (b.) Seguedilla—Miss Callender. V. Norwegian Rhapsody—Lalo. VI. Richard Wagner—Siegfried's Rhine Journey. Song, Dreams (study from Tristan and Isolde)—Miss Calender. Ride of the Valkyries. Two excerpts* from Tristan and Isolde; (a.) Brangäne's Warning Call—Miss Callender; (b.) Tristan and Isolde's Death. (Arranged for Concert performance by Walter Damrosch.)

Mrs. William Jay has been one of the most constant attendants at these musicales, and as she always wears superb gowns she looked extremely well. Mrs. Burke Roche has also worn beautiful gowns and has been much admired. One reason all the women looked unusually well was because the lights were so becomingly arranged that even the plainest faces took on a beauty quite unknown to them and the combined influence of the music and the knowledge of looking their best seemed to smooth away lines and wrinkles in a most delightful manner.

Music-mad the city is, and musicians are being showered with attention. Paderewski, whom all adore, has been lunched, dined and wined to such an extent it is fortunate his talent is instrumental, not vocal music, for no human vocal organs could retain their power under the strain to which they have been subjected. Last night Mrs. Augustus Gurnee gave a large dinner, at which he was, again, the guest of honor.

Monday evening the entertainment given by Mr. Lispenard Stewart and Mr. Lanfear Norrie, at Delmonico's was, of course, the principal social event. The dinner took place in the ballroom, and was served at small tables. The decorations of tables and room were extremely handsome; and the picture presented when the dinner was at its height, of the handsome women in their smartest gowns, and the men all faultlessly attired, with the well-arranged lights, will not soon be forgotten by those who were fortunate enough to have been bidden. Mr. Stewart's sister, Mrs. Frank S. Witherbee, and his sister-in-law, Mrs. William Rhinelander Stewart, were the hostesses of the evening. Mrs. Duncan Elliot looked remarkably handsome, as did also Miss Cora Randolph, Miss Massie Strong and Mrs. George B. de Forest. Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger was most artistically and be-

comingly gowned, and as one ardent admirer remarked: "Looked grande dame to her finger tips."

After the dinner there was a regular Vaudeville performance, Vesta Victoria singing "Daddy wouldn't give me a bow-wow" with even more effect than usual, and the guests, as at the Vaudeville, joining in the chorus with great gusto. When the evening was over the hosts received no end of thanks, coupled with hearty good wishes for their trip on which they started with a party of friends in a special car for Mexico, to return by way of Chicago.

The many rumors of the engagement having been broken between Miss Flora Davis and Lord Terence Blackwood have apparently quieted down. Miss Davis is still very ill and will not, it is said, go abroad this spring, but Lord Terence Blackwood will arrive here next month and then probably all vexed questions will be finally settled.

Lord Ava, the eldest son of the Earl of Dufferin, has been the recipient of much attention since his arrival here. He has left for Mexico, which, by the way, seems to be a very favorite resort this spring. St. Augustine has not had its usual number of guests, and rumor has it that Flagler means to try a new venture and build a large hotel at Nassau or Bermuda.

A Mid-Lent wedding has been that of Miss May McClellan to M. Paul Desprez, attaché to the French Legation at Washington, which took place in Paris last Monday and Tuesday. Both the civil and religious marriages were celebrated very quietly. M. and Madame Desprez intend coming to this country very shortly, and already several entertainments for them are being planned in Washington.

The opening of the Hotel Waldorf on Tuesday bids fair to be very successful. At first the price charged, \$5 per ticket, seemed absurdly high, but they have sold very rapidly, and the fact that Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt has given up her Musicale for the same evening, and that the tickets include a champagne supper and the Adamowski Quartette, not to mention many minor attractions, have caused many to buy tickets, all for "sweet charity's sake." In spite of the fact that the crowned heads of Europe and their courts are not to be present, as was at one time reported, there are to be any number of prominent people present and New York's swelldom will be well represented.

In one way Lent has been rigorously kept by the way in which the different women have worked to make their pet charities, by concerts, theatricals and readings, reap a rich reward. One of the last schemes is the Concert in Aid of the Summer Camp for Poor Boys and the "Wilson Day Nursery," which is to be given at Sherry's, March 20th. The artists on this occasion will be Plunkett Greene and the Adamowski Quartette. Some few of the patronesses are: Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Mrs. James A. Burden, Mrs. I. Townsend Burden, Mrs. Henry Clews, Mrs. H. Le Grand Cannon, Mrs. R. J. Cross, Mrs. Walter Cutting, Mrs. Wm. Bayard, Mrs. de Peyster, Miss Furniss, Mrs. Wm. Jaffray, Mrs. Luther Kountze, Mrs. Charles Lanier, Mrs. Robert Livingston, Mrs. Lorillard, Mrs. Wm. Starr Miller, Mrs. J. Pierpont Morgan, Mrs. Wm. Post, Mrs. Wm. S. Rainsford, Mrs. Wm. Rhinelander, Mrs. Roosevelt Roosevelt,

VOGUE SUPPLEMENT

COMING EVENTS

Saturday, March 11th.—Mrs. Arthur Dodge. Dinner for Captain and Mrs. Rosden-Burn.
 Mrs. George Place, Miss Livor, 44 East Thirty-eighth Street. Musicale.
 Badminton.

Monday, March 13th.—Monday Sewing Class.
 Mrs. Sarah Cowell Le Moyne. Reading Class.
 Mrs. A. J. Forbes-Leith, 40 Park Avenue. Evening reception for Captain and Mrs. Rosden-Burn.

Tuesday, March 14th.—Entertainment at the opening of the Hotel Waldorf. Afternoon and evening.
 Meeting of the Lenten Music Club.
 Tuesday evening Badminton Club.

Wednesday, March 15th.—Entertainment at the Home for the Destitute Blind.
 Mrs. Whiting, 382 Fifth Avenue. Reception for Mr. and Mrs. John H. Davis.
 Knickerbocker Bowling Club.

Thursday, March 16th.—Entertainment at the Home for the Destitute Blind.
 Thursday Evening Club. Mr. and Mrs. Philip Schuyler, 18 Washington Square.
 Thursday Evening Riding Club.

Friday, March 17th.—Meeting of the O. N. Sewing Class. Last Nikisch Subscription Concert. Mrs. Paran Stevens, 1 East Fifty-seventh Street.
 Miss de Forest, Miss Callender, 7 East Seventy-second Street. Last musicale.

SAILINGS AND ARRIVALS

Those who wish to advise their friends of intended departure are informed that statements for this department of *Vogue* should reach the office not later than Monday noon of the week of issue.

Sailed from New York, S. S. La Gascogne, March 4th, 1893.—Mrs. Eugene Cruger, Mr. W. H. Delano, Miss Anita Evans, Hon. and Mrs. E. J. Phelps, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lansing.

Sailed from New York, S. S. Kaiser Wilhelm II, March 4th, 1893.—Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Frick, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest W. Longfellow, Mr. B. F. Stevens, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Whitehouse, Mr. A. N. Weller, Miss Catherine Weller, Mr. H. Hobart Weeks, Mr. F. W. Varker, Miss M. G. Varker.

Sailed from New York S. S. Orinoco, 1893.—Mr. and Mrs. James Richards, Mrs. Blois, Mr. Low, Miss Low, Mrs. Gambrill, Mr. Walter Poultnay.

Arrived in New York, S. S. Servia, March 4th, 1893.—Mr. O. T. Crosby, Mrs. Crosby, Mr. E. G. Laurence, Mr. J. S. Lowry, Mrs. Lowry, Mr. C. H. Ramsey, Mr. R. Robbins, Mr. T. H. Wells.

RECEIVING DAYS

The purpose of this department is to provide a remedy for the non-receipt of cards through errors and accidental omissions in visiting lists, postal errors, etc.

MONDAY

Mrs. Henry G. Marquand, 11 East Sixty-eighth Street.
 Mrs. Harold Godwin, 814 Madison Avenue.
 Mrs. Henry Galbraith Ward, 816 Madison Avenue.
 Mrs. Frances Schroeder, Miss Schroeder, 27 East Thirty-first Street.
 Mrs. F. M. Barr, 220 Madison Avenue.
 Mrs. A. Brevoort Bristol, 220 Madison Avenue.
 Mrs. Jordan L. Mott, Jr., 17 East Forty-seventh Street.

TUESDAY

Mrs. Hamilton McK. Twombly, 689 Fifth Avenue.

Mrs. William Douglas Sloane, 642 Fifth Avenue.
 Mrs. Whiting, Miss Whiting, 382 Fifth Avenue.
 The Misses Babcock, 636 Fifth Avenue.
 Mrs. Frederic Goodridge, Miss Goodridge, 250 Fifth Avenue.
 Mrs. Auguste Noël, Miss Noël, 109 Waverly Place.
 Miss J. D. Ogden, 9 East Thirty-fifth Street.
 Mrs. William C. Egleston, 19 West Forty-sixth Street.
 Mrs. George T. Ade, 13 West Forty-eighth Street.

WEDNESDAY

Mrs. William A. Perry, Miss Perry, 23 East Thirty-eighth Street.

THURSDAY

Mrs. Daniel F. Appleton, 28 East Thirty-sixth Street.
 Mrs. John Pomeroy Townsend, 53 East Fifty-fourth Street.
 Mrs. Barger, Miss Barger, 389 Fifth Avenue.
 Mrs. Elliot C. Cowdin, Miss Cowdin, 14 West Twenty-first Street.

FRIDAY

Mrs. Richard Hunt, 2 Washington Square, N.
 Mrs. John H. Davis, 24 Washington Square, N.
 Mrs. Fordyce D. Barker, 36 West Fifty-first Street.
 Mrs. John W. Minturn, 22 Washington Square, N.
 Mrs. Charles G. Francklyn, 15 Washington Square, N.
 Mrs. Reginald C. Francklyn, 64 Clinton Place.
 Mrs. Charles A. Post, 21 Washington Square, N.
 Mrs. Alfred de Castro, 19 West Fiftieth Street.

LONDON

(From Our Own Correspondent)

A SURVEY OF SPRING MODES—FASHIONABLE LONDON DRESSMAKERS SET THEIR FACES AGAINST THE INTRODUCTION OF THE CRINOLINE—THE CIRCULAR CUT SKIRT—SOME FETCHING GOWNS—POPULARITY OF FUR TRIMMING

Easter falling so early this year is a distinct providence to the modistes and milliners, as it gives virtually two seasons in the way of fashions—first, what will be worn for the next three months, and later, the mode for the real season from May to July. What these fashions may be depends entirely upon the character of the weather vouchsafed us; or, as I heard a pretty young to-be-débutante say aggrievedly the other day, “It all rests with those dreadful Americans and their horrid old weather clerk, whether it’s to be print frocks and muslin gowns or foulards and challies, with Terries thrown in!”

The winter has been so exceptionally severe and dull that very little has been done in trade, especially in the lighter grades of feminine fripperies, but with the approach of the great spring festival, the near advent of primroses and Lent lilies, and the rumors which grow apace anent the formal announcement of the Royal betrothal, we are all taking fresh heart of grace and evolving new interest in the all-important subject of the coming fashions. Of course, the burning question of the day is, “Crinoline or no crinoline?” It fills every one’s thoughts, is the topic of general conversation, is discussed in the leading dailies, and has penetrated even into the graver pages of this month’s *New Review*, where Lady Jeune, the somewhat celebrated wife of Sir Francis Jeune, the great Divorce Court Judge, discourses dispassionately upon its horrors and its blessings. Lean women, according to Lady Jeune, who is herself of the slight type, will rejoice in its revival, because it will

give them bulk ; fat women will revel in it, because it will reduce, " or at least conceal from the public eye that increasing volume of person of which only fat women know the bitterness " ; and women of short legs and long waists will hail it because it will cover their deficiencies of stature and render more important their advantages.

Against this " Defence of the Crinoline," John Strange Winter (Mrs. Arthur Stannard)—and she partakes certainly more of the second order to whom Lady Jeune assures us the crinoline will " come as a boon and a blessing "—wages truculent war in her own journal, Winter's Weekly. She has formed an Anti-Crinoline League, numbering supporters by the thousands, and to which to gain the allegiance of the Princess of Wales she has labored indefatigably, but so far, unsuccessfully. Our future Queen is not one to be " bitten " unawares, or likely to put her name to any social " League " before its virtues have been thoroughly ventilated and pronounced upon by one higher in royal authority than herself. The best modistes, however, such as Mesdames Élise, White, Poultz and Heyward, are distinctly against the introduction of this absurdity of a by-gone generation, and they form a powerful enough faction of themselves to keep such an infliction at bay, at least for six months longer. We may all take that much solace to our souls, and make the most of it during this season, at least.

But to return to general fashions. The tones and colors of the coming season are to be bright and rich, with an under note of deeper value. Shaded materials of all kinds are more the vogue than ever. Green shot with carmine, brown mixed with deep petunia-red, orange lightened by rose-pink, violet crossed by sea-green, tabac outlined in scarlet, lemon yellow shadowed with violet, crimson melting into turquoise blue, and grey relieved by mirror green are the newest color combinations for the Easter season. These nuances are produced in every sort and condition of material, from the richest Lyons velvets—and a veritable study in harmonies are some of these—to the more useful woolen crépons, bêges and vigognes ; while the rayée " Terries," a mixture of silk and wool, most exquisitely soft, are a feature of the moment.

I saw a charming gown the other day, just completed for a Member's wife, Mrs. Frank Evans, in this genre, which was most effective. It was a " Terry " of deep amethyst shot across with palest sea-green in tiny all-round stripes. The skirt was severely simple, having only a narrow band of amethyst velvet at the bottom, finished off by an inch wide galloon of iridescent amethyst sequins on a gold foundation. The bodice was of the new cut, seamless at the back, with sleeves of the velvet in short loose puffs held above the elbow by a band of the galloon, and finished by a tight undersleeve to the wrist in the Terry. A Henry VIII cape in amethyst velvet, and a Virot picture hat in black completed this very smart costume.

There is a very decided change in the cut of skirts, two styles only being correct among the West End dressmakers. For day dresses, in such materials as ondine, silk, grenadine, bêges and foulards, the gored skirt is used entirely. This fits quite closely about the hips and body, and at the back is laid in two rather small over-lapping pleats, from which the fullness sweeps out at the bottom in very graceful folds. It is a sort of modified " umbrella " skirt, without the objectionable train of that past style. Madame Élise, the Princess of Wales's special modiste, " by Royal appointment," has introduced quite a novelty in skirts, but suitable only to face cloths, serges, Harris tweeds, or other such heavy materials. The width at the bottom measures seven yards, and at the top is brought into one or two pleats. There are but two seams, one in front, one at the back, and no lining, facing or braid is used. The edge of the cloth is cut off sharply and makes the finish at the bottom, while narrow jet or braid passementerie is laid down the front

seam. The special feature of this skirt is that it hangs full in front, though fitting closely to the waist. It is, in fact, fashioned on the lines of the old circular cloak of thirty years ago, which certainly possessed grace in its folds, though hideous in its results. At Mme. Élise's I also saw a most lovely day-bodice, designed to wear with any skirt, black, however, being preferable. It was in velvet shaded from scarlet to deep mauve, with intervening tones of peach-blown and crimson. The sleeves, in large puffs to the elbow, were of the velvet, and the front of the bodice very gracefully draped in crêpe de chine of a pale rose tint. Miss Carpenter, of New York, had a similar bodice in all degrees of purple, from the Tyrian royal to the palest tint of pink amethyst. A gown made for Mrs. Carpenter was also very elegant. It was fashioned of semi-transparent black silk crépon mounted over a deep Australian gold faille, embroidered very richly in dull gold bullion, with a band of gold passementerie forming the hem. The sleeves were of black chiffon over gold silk and there was a folded black satin waist band with rather narrow sash ends fringed with gold falling to the bottom of the skirt at the back.

One of the prettiest modes for young girls and débutantes is the " sash bodice," which is another specialty at Mme. Élise's. It has all the cachet of simplicity and looks easy enough of achievement until one tries it. It is formed of the new wide shaded sash ribbon folded closely to the figure as far as the bust, and apparently guiltless of bones or stiffening of any kind. From the top ledge a full puff in silk crépon, of the palest tint in the ribbon, is drawn up about the shoulders and finished off by a graduated frill very narrow at the front and back, but broadening out into epaulet bretelles on the shoulders. One sleeve a soft puff of the ribbon, the other formed of old Venetian appliquéd embroidery. Two long sash ends of the shaded ribbon fall down back and front and are caught on the left side by a flat bouquet of flowers, and at the back by a Spanish paste buckle. These bodices can also be worn with any skirt, and cost about \$100 (£20), more or less, according to the colors chosen, and whether or not the paste buckle is a veritable antique, or of modern manufacture.

A unique gown, the skirt made in the new circular style, was of a rich shade of amethyst in plain soft face cloth, the front seam marked by a narrow band of very fine cut jet. The bodice was of jacket form, the fronts opening over a folded waistcoat of soft silk shading from green to pink, and finished by a repetition of the jet passementerie, the waist band forming a large bow in amethyst velvet. The sleeves were laid in long pleats from the shoulder to the elbow, where they terminated in a tight cuff to the wrist of the velvet.

A bauble just now much in vogue is a tiny green lizard in enamel, or a frog in gold, his spots picked out in emeralds and chrysoprase ; while the newest Easter souvenir, hidden in a basket of the new " Allan Richardson " apricot colored roses, or a box of Charba and Walker's, or Fuller's bon-bons, is a jeweled umbrella handle, a round ball top of white or black onyx, studded thickly with sapphires, rubies, emeralds and rubies, or pearls and turquoise, or diamonds and chrysoprases ; accompanying the handle is a gold band for the name, and gold points for the tip of each rib, all laid daintily within a box of ivory or ebony lined with velvet. A prettier gift it were difficult to find. Hat pins are more elaborate than ever, and here again jewels play a most important part. The round solid ball is the most fashionable, either in gold set with gems, or a pearl held by gold claws, or brilliants of large size outlined by the finest gold tracery ; the flower hat pin is no longer up to date, solidity and value being the present mot d'ordre.

All kinds of fur are still widely used as trimming, even on gowns and outdoor garments intended for early spring

wear. And of these sable, of course, holds the foremost place of honor, but as a very pretty and most effective garniture at the one time despised mole skin is now high in favor, only under another name. It is now called "smoked seal," and is being largely used, especially for young ladies' toilettes, in which it vies with the golden otter, a fur always largely patronized, and which was most happily introduced in the costumes worn by Lady Emily Cadogan's bridesmaids. These were of white bengaline with bands of the fur on the skirts, white velvet Gainsborough hats lined with the same material in a shade to match the fur and trimmed with ostrich feathers shaded from white to golden brown. Their bouquets were of apricot "Allan Richardson" roses against brown foliage. This fancy for fur of every variety is in a great measure due to the Princess of Wales's known partiality for it. She wears it whenever she can, and her sister, the Empress of Russia, has a like penchant, her cloak of matched sables being the finest in the world. It cost £1,500.

The changes in hats and bonnets are equally interesting, if not quite so pronounced. But this is a subject of such wide possibilities I must reserve my remarks thereon until my next letter, when also I shall have something to say about men's attire. By that time the styles will have assumed more definite and distinct features. Diane.

PARIS

(From Our Own Correspondent)

A HIGH LIFE WEDDING—THE RECEPTION "TEA," AT WHICH THERE WAS A BASKET SERVICE OF OYSTERS—TEA GOWNS, HAVING BECOME VULGARIZED, THE PARISIAN WOMAN HAS TAKEN TO SMOKING JACKETS—AN IDEAL NURSERY—"IN GARDEN FASHION," AN EXPENSIVE BUT CHARMING NOVELTY FOR BALL SUPPERS OR WEDDING LUNCHEONS

THe all-pervading gloom is clearing up here at last, gradually but surely, and the last days of the Carnival will have been far brighter than might have been expected. Several splendid dinners and a number of soirées and réceptions were given in the Faubourg St. Germain, and one or two grand weddings have also contributed to cheer us all up.

The marriage of Mlle. de Villeneuve-Bargemon, daughter of the Marquise de Villeneuve-Bargemon, née Princesse de Rohan, which took place on the 9th inst., was the ne plus ultra of what such a ceremony ought to be. The Church of St. Philippe du Roule was superbly decorated with flowers, the High Altar being almost entirely concealed from view by row after row of tall white lilies, relieved here and there by the dark lustrous leaves and waxy golden-hearted buds of lemon and orange shrubs sent specially from Nice. The chancel rails were swathed in selaginella moss, wherein clusters of tuberoses, white primroses and white violets nestled, while lofty palms and spike-leaved youccas formed a fitting background for the dazzling mass of candles burning in tall silver candelabra on the altar.

The young bride looked like a rosebud, and her pretty face bore a cheerful and happy expression, far more becoming than the drooping, melancholy airs which were so fashionable on such a day a few years ago, and which transformed every fiancée into an Ophelia or an Iphegenia for the nonce. She wore an exquisite dress of ivory-white corded silk draped with point d'Angleterre, held up in festoons by tiny bunches of real orange blossoms and marguerites powdered with diamond dust—a pretty innovation. The bridegroom, Vicomte d'Ouvrier, who is in the army, was dressed in the full uniform of the 10th Dragoon Regiment, and it is impossible to see a better

assorted pair than this good-looking young couple as they walked arm in arm down the aisle at the conclusion of the ceremony. They seemed to be treading on air and were the very incarnation of a mariage d'amour. So rapid indeed was their gait that the Duc de Doudeauville remarked to me, as we were trying to keep pace at some distance behind them, that youth was rather inconsiderate to expect a whole train of sedate and middle-aged people to thus race out of a church in a gallop.

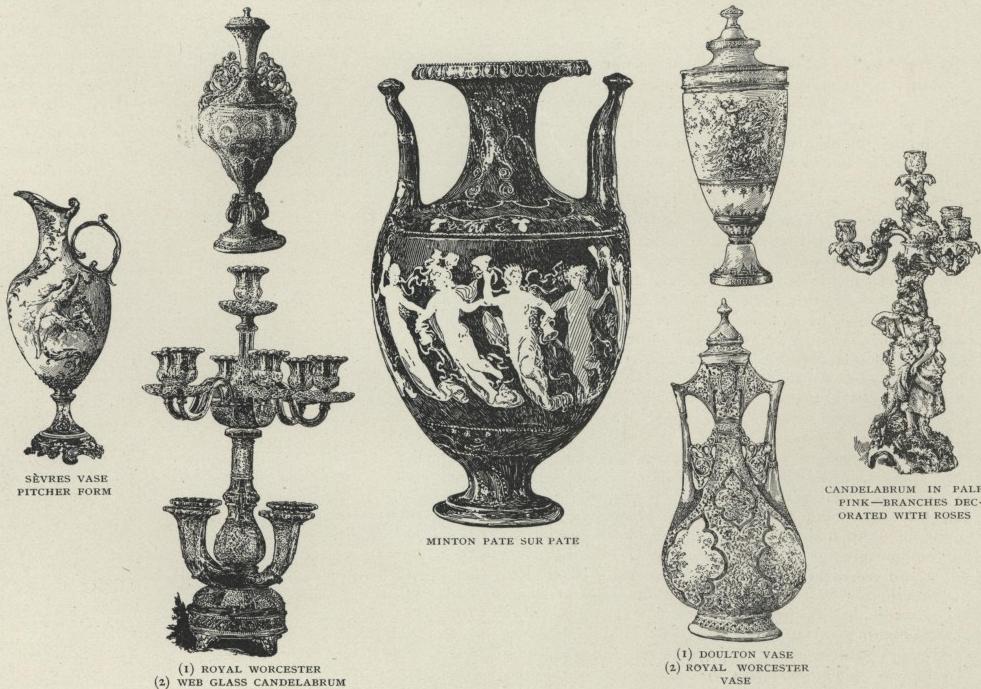
The usual and somewhat commonplace wedding-breakfast, which has altogether ceased to be fashionable, was replaced by a reception tea, given by the Marquis and Marquise de Villeneuve at their residence on the Rue de Courcelles. This function had of a tea but the name, however, for seldom have I seen so complete a display of elegance and tasteful luxury as were to be found there on that day. If things go on this way it will by no means suffice to be a millionaire in order to give what is so modestly called a small reception; and the wealthiest among us will have to retire to the country, unable to compete with the ever increasing magnificence which is daily becoming more and more, it seems to me, a necessity. Those who claim that the Faubourg St. Germain is henceforth to give parvenu a lesson by adopting sweet simplicity, ought to have been present at this "tea." They would have seen that the ancien régime, although always certain to avoid the vulgar extravagance and senseless profusion of nouveaux riches who are anxious to push ahead in society, still thoroughly understand the art of receiving their guests in a princely fashion.

The Marquise de Villeneuve's menu was a poem in itself, and consisted, to begin with, of oysters served in the manner which is now the dernier cri, namely: the oysters are brought into the dining-room unopened in rush baskets decorated with damp seaweed. They are then opened by the servants and handed around in all their full freshness before they have lost one whit of their delicate flavor. Following the delicious bivalves and some excellent bouillon de gibier were little patties of cray-fish, a salad of Russian sterlet, truffled filets of pheasant served in jelly, African ortolans stuffed with pistachios, a macedoine of fresh fruit iced to a turn and flavored with maraschino, and a mysterious mixture of huge strawberries and Russian violets which must remain unequalled in the annals of gastronomy. There was also a "cup" made of Spanish wine, champagne and Haut-Sauterne, pineapple juice and a slight dash of kümmel, which was much appreciated. I say nothing of the dainty decoration of the little tables whereon all these delicacies were served, although the table cloths and napkins of silk-batiste embroidered in silver, the rock crystal service and corbeilles of orangebuds and white heather well deserve a separate description. Each lady received as a wedding favor a tiny Cinderella-like mother-of-pearl slipper filled with white violets, and the men a buttonhole bouquet of the same fragrant blossoms. Instead of the ponderous wedding cake, so British in its top-heavy gorgeousness, a tiny little structure of sugar and candied fruit, shaped like a diminutive mediaeval tower, was placed before each guest.

The wedding presents were exhibited in an adjoining salon, and I was delighted to see that a dressing case, this most objectionable of all impediments (now absolutely tabooed by people of taste) was missing in the glittering array. It was most advantageously replaced by a costly and beautiful traveling bag fitted in finely-chased gold and yellow tortoise shell, and by a gigantic case containing bottles and boxes of Venetian glass of a pale iridescent hue, mounted in gold and turquoises, destined for the toilet table. No "rivière" of diamonds was to be seen, for that also has ceased to be the style, and is entirely superseded by what is called the carcan, and also the "dog's collar." This is com-



PART OF A DINNER SERVICE IN ROYAL BERLIN WARE



SÈVRES VASE
PITCHER FORM

MINTON PATE SUR PATE

CANDELABRUM IN PALE
PINK—BRANCHES DEC-
ORATED WITH ROSES

(1) ROYAL WORCESTER
(2) WEB GLASS CANDELABRUM

(1) DOULTON VASE
(2) ROYAL WORCESTER
VASE

For description of some of these vases and candelabra see page 8

posed of three flat bands of diamonds fitting closely around the neck and finished off by a buckle of sapphires, emeralds or rubies.

Talking of what is or is not fashionable at the present moment, reminds me of the new fad which Parisian elegants have recently adopted since tea gowns have become vulgarized. To-day, a woman with some pretensions to being well-dressed, wears for the five o'clock tea, a plain dark cloth skirt and a smoking jacket also of black cloth or diagonal, with silk revers opening over a white shirt and waist-coat. A white four-in-hand tie adorned by a pearl solitaire, black silk hose and patent leather court pumps are de rigueur with this somewhat masculine costume, which is, however, very becoming to slim figures. Men, as a rule, I may add, do not appreciate this sincerest form of flattery which consists in imitation, and there is quite an outcry now among the husbands of the fashionable women, who, not content with cigarettes, hunting, ladies' clubs, and now and again a nice little game of baccarat or rouge et noir, add insult to injury by actually donning their favorite garb, a "smoking." It must be confessed, however, that as our sex never by any possible chance does anything with moderation, being essentially creatures of the moment and adopting a new idea with an amount of passion which leaves room for nothing else while it lasts, the poor husbands are somewhat justified in fearing for us any step towards new fin de siècle eccentricities.

If all fin de siècle feminine inventions, however, were as charming as that which has just been inspired to the Princesse de Tarente by her love for her baby, all this ill-humor on the part of the lords and masters would die natural death. This lovely young mother, whose chief occupation is, at the present moment, nothing short of baby worship, has devised a nursery for her little one which is at once so tasteful and unique that every youthful matron possessing means to do so ought to follow her example.

This ideal nursery is a large room with three sunny windows and two large folding doors, one opening into baby's sleeping apartment, and the other into "baby's" private bathroom. The walls and ceiling are in light pink, and decorated with panels whereon are illustrations of fairy tales and nursery rhymes, the brush work of an artist. These panels are surrounded by garlands of flowers; poppies, pink and white, frame the memorable adventures of "The Sleeping Beauty"; thistles, the story of "The Miller's Ass"; clover, gorse and dandelions that of "Little Dandelion Fluff," etc., etc. On the floor is a thick white cloth carpet whereon a procession of lambs, wolves, lions, birds and other animals beloved by infants, in appliquéd work of pink woolen velvet, wend their way in bold relief. A broad low sofa upholstered in pink occupies one entire side of the room. There is no other furniture except two rows of shelves covered with pink cloth for the toys. These are placed over the white marble hearth, from which the baby is kept away by a silver grating, a huge musical box playing one hundred different airs.

Baby's bedroom is draped with pink and white China silk; the cot, of Indian work in sandalwood and mother-of-pearl, has Valenciennes curtains over pink silk, and beside it is a low, comfortable armchair, for the night nurse to sit in when on duty. The bathroom is worthy of the daintiest and most exigeante of mondaines. The walls are of English porcelain tiles, with pink morning-glories on a creamy ground; the tiny bath-tub is of the same porcelain, and so are the basins, jugs, etc. The floor is covered with Chinese matting of extreme fineness, and on a low table are baby's ivory brushes, powder and soap boxes and pin-cushion, all with a wee gold monogram and coronet. I have rarely seen anything prettier than this suite of rooms, where a child

sees nothing but what is sweet and elegant, and the arrangement thereof is, without a doubt, the greatest success achieved by any loving young mother.

A very pretty way of serving a ball supper or a wedding lunch is to do so "garden fashion." The dining-room in this case is decorated with small fruit trees, such as apple, pear, peach and currant, covered with fruit, and planted in square china or majolica cases. Vines, with luscious grapes hanging from them, form arches, under which are placed small tables of polished Vienna-wood. No cloth is laid, and the plates of gaily painted faience, the Bohemian glasses, and the artistic oxydized silver forks, knives and spoons, are set directly on the wood. In the middle of each table is a small cask of cut crystal, filled with iced champagne, surmounted by a cluster of flowers. This genre was introduced here some time ago, by the Countess Potocka, and found great favor. But, of course, it is rather expensive in mid-winter to thus provide one's guests with an opportunity to pluck their dessert from the branches of the trees wherein it has grown, and although several of our horticulturalists make the production of these dwarf trees a specialty, they charge neat prices for them. Comtesse de Champdoce.

Paris, February 23, 1893.

DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS

The seated figure on page 190 wears an evening costume of India silk, cream white ground with a pattern of pink roses strewn over it. There is a full bell skirt made slightly en traine, and trimmed with two deep flounces of cream lace, put on full and fastened at intervals by bows of citron colored velvet ribbon with long ends falling over the flounces. The corsage is high, made with a collar and bretelles of citron velvet trimmed with ruffles of lace. The silk sleeves are balloon shaped as to the upper part. From the elbow to the wrist they are of the citron velvet.

The figure standing behind the one just described (page 190) wears a skirt of primrose colored silk striped with lines of brown satin. A full flounce of the same borders the skirt and is put on with a ruche of primrose mousse-line de soie. The corsage is of changeable velvet with bronze and gold tones. It has frill quillings of primrose mousse-line de soie around the V-shaped neck, and the velvet sleeves are balloon shape and reach only to the elbow.

The female figure in first illustration, on page 190, wears a house gown of white silk striped with black. The sleeves are full and flowing in Queen Ann style. The corsage is round, made without seams and is finished by a girdle ending in a rosette and long ends of black velvet. The band at the neck and lower part of the sleeves are also of black velvet. A pretty fichu of white chiffon trimmed with appliquéd lace and crossed in front is worn with this simple costume.

The man wears trousers of light bluish gray, black frock coat and white silk cravat tied in a Prince's knot with wide spreading ends disappearing in the waistcoat, black silk hat, gloves stitched with black.

The two young swells in the plate (page 192) are attired in different degrees of evening dress. The material of coat and trousers is the same in both—black cheviot of a roughish texture. One, however, is ready for a dinner or ball, and wears a white waistcoat and white lawn tie—tied, be it said, by himself. The other is in home costume and wears with his black coat and trousers, a black waistcoat and black tie. In both, the crease in the trousers is plainly seen, and the boutonnière is the same. The loose coat worn by the man on the left is the favorite coat for evening wear. It has no sleeves, a half cape falling over the arms taking their place. It is quickly and easily put on and off.

The figure seated on the table (page 197), has a street



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costume of tan Amazon cloth, the skirt trimmed with two rows of wood brown velvet. Corsage of the velvet with full sleeves of tan colored silk. Tan colored coat made with revers and three small graduated capes lined with brown silk. Hat of tan colored felt lined with brown velvet and with brown velvet crown. Feathers of tan and brown. The second figure has a house gown of Neapolitan blue wool made en princesse. There are draped revers on the corsage ending in epaulettes of chamois silk striped in blue tan and dark red colors. High collar of the same silk.

Skating costume (page 198) is of dull red Vicuna cloth with sleeves and belt of silk in a lighter shade. The corsage is tight fitting and perfectly round, the girdle being attached to the skirt. The skirt is bell shaped, plaited in at the back and trimmed with three graduated rows of marten fur some distance apart. The sleeves are full leg-o'-mutton shape, with deep cuffs of the Vicuna edged with marten. The toque is of dark red velvet edged with marten and trimmed with brown wings. Heavy collar of marten fur.

VASES AND CANDLABRA

The large vase is of Royal Berlin. Upon the body are two medallions outlined in scroll work heavily gilded. The paintings are not alike, although both represent groups of roses in delicate tints of yellow, old rose, pale pink and browns, and one signed by the artist. The vase revolves upon its pedestal, upon which are seen beautifully modeled leaves in full relief. Superb leaf forms in white and gold represent the handles, and upon the top of the cover are pale colored roses in relief. This vase has a groundwork of cream white and the paintings are in pale delicate colors. It is thirty-two inches in height and may be purchased for \$435.

The ware is Royal Berlin and is much ornamented. The candelabra are thirty-nine inches high and have places for nine candles upon each. At the base is a beautifully modeled figure of a woman leaning forward in a graceful attitude. The base and branches are covered with foliage and flowers in natural colorings, forming a perfect bouquet naturally arranged. The centrepiece is of the same ware, in a graceful oblong pointed at the raised ends and ornamented with gold scroll paintings. It is mounted upon a stand, and so arranged that it may be joined to two smaller pieces, also on stands, and the whole forms an exquisite central ornament for flowers and fruit, most decorative and artistic.

Web glass candelabrum ornamented with gold filigree bands. The base is of the same metal. Springing from a gold band near the base are four lily shaped vases of glass for flowers. The beautifully shaped glass column upholds branches, gracefully curved, destined for candles. In each stem is a golden socket. The height of the piece is twenty-six inches. The smaller candelabrum in the drawing is of German manufacture, and represents a female figure standing at the foot of a tree upon which are roses and leaves in relief. The coloring is pale pink, and the branches are covered with pink roses.

To the right is a perfect specimen of Royal Worcester. It is a graceful vase, with long, slender neck. The ground is ivory white and shows an all-over scroll and leaf design in fine gold slightly raised, separated by medallions outlined in gold. The base is of pierced work enriched with gold. At the base of the handles, which are of dull gold, are medallions showing metal effects in antique silver—bands of the same encircle the handles. Beautiful openwork in ivory white and gold connect the handles to the body of the vase, and most of the neck of this exquisite piece is in the finest openwork, showing a delicate lace pattern. It is almost impossible to do justice in mere description to the wonderful beauty of this vase, which is marked at \$1,500.

Upon the left is seen another example of Royal Worcester which is also very handsome. The entire body is covered with fine scroll work forming geometrical figures, in dead

gold on an ivory white ground. There is some pierced work at the base enriched with jewel effects, and the beautiful open scroll handles are ornamented in the same way. The vases and candelabra shown on page 5 are purchasable of Tiffany & Co.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICES.

VOGUE is issued weekly on Saturdays.

Head Office, 61 Union Place, Southwest Corner of 18th Street and Fourth Avenue, New York. Cable address: "Vogue, New York."

London. Arthur Ackerman, 191 Regent Street.

Paris. Em. Terquem, 19 Rue Scribe.

Subscription for the United States, Canada and Mexico, Four dollars a year in advance, postage free. For foreign countries in the postal union, five dollars a year, postage free. Remit by check, draft or postal or express money order. Other remittances at sender's risk. Single copies ten cents.

Advertising orders should reach the office not later than 10 A. M. Friday preceding the week of publication. When special position is required the order should be a week earlier.

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